

LITERARY CRITICISM AND BOOK NEWS

John Bright, the Incarnation of His Race—The Making of Australia, and the Orient in Transformation—Other New Books.

A TRIBUNE OF THE PEOPLE.

THE LIFE OF JOHN BRIGHT, BY George Macaulay Trevelyan. 8vo, pp. xlii, 488. Illustrated. The Houghton Mifflin Company.

The life of John Bright is more than that of any other man of his time, the history of the English people during the most important fifty years of the nineteenth century. Some of his giant colleagues—for he had as contemporaries perhaps the most gifted group of statesmen ever seen at once in Great Britain or any other country in the world—surpassed him in certain particulars: Disraeli as a diplomat, Palmerston as a politician, Gladstone as a financier, Forster as an educational reformer. But not one nor all of these together rivalled the incomparable Tribune of the People as an exponent of popular ideals, aspirations, achievements and progress. No merely personal history of him can, therefore, be adequate. His definitive biography must be the history of the English—or of the British and Irish—people. Nevertheless, every sincere exposition of any phase of his career is to be welcomed, and Mr. Trevelyan's fine volume deals with many phases of a career that was at once as simple and as complex as humanity itself.

The average American probably remembers Bright as a Quaker statesman who served long in Parliament, but had little to do with Cabinet office, of course a non-combatant, one of the foremost Free Traders, a friend of America in the Civil War, and a great orator. All of these characterizations are substantially correct, but all of them put together fall far short of forming even an outline sketch of a figure which for many years was second to no other in the public life of England. He was a conspicuous Free Trader; but he was more. Above Villiers and even Cobden himself, he was the protagonist of the anti-corn laws movement. Yet his unflinching sanity saved him from many of the follies and inconsistencies of Cobden. We cannot imagine Bright seeking to impose free trade upon the world by force; or declaring that the whole world was as certain as the rising of the sun; or sympathizing with the Southern Confederacy in 1861 because it was free trade while the North was protectionist. He had a long Parliamentary career, but was in the Cabinet little; but he probably, on the whole, influenced legislation on important matters of domestic welfare more than any other man at Westminster.

He was a friend of America during the Civil War. We shall not err in saying that he was the greatest and best friend America had in the whole United Kingdom, or in all Europe. No other man did anything like what he did to sway the minds, the hearts and the consciences of the British people to the side of the North and the Union. This was when Palmerston and Derby were hot champions of the Confederacy, and when Gladstone, as Mr. Trevelyan justly says, went even further than they in hostility to the Federal government. His championship of the North, for the sake of a free continent and therefore freedom throughout the world, inspired him to some of his noblest oratory. Thus, addressing the trade unions of London, in March, 1863:

Privilege thinks it has a great interest in this contest, and every morning with blatant voice it curses the American. What might happen to old Europe if this grand experiment should succeed. But you, workers—you, struggling wards toward the light with slow and painful steps, you have no cause to look with jealousy upon a country which could take all the rest of the nations of the globe, is that one where labor has met with the highest honor, and where it has reaped its greatest reward? There may be men—men in this city of London who will buy in the slaveholders' loan, and who, for the chance of more gain than honest toil will afford them, will help a conspiracy whose fundamental institution, whose cornerstone, is declared to be slavery. I speak not to these men—I leave them to their conscience. In that hour which comes as an end of us, when conscience and the soul is no longer dead, but her voice, I speak rather to you, the representatives of the feeling and the interests of the millions who cannot find their voice. I wish you to be true to yourselves. Dynasties may fall, aristocracies may perish, religions may vanish into the dim past; but you, your children and your children's children will remain, and from you the English people will be continued to succeeding generations. I have faith in you. Impartial history will tell that, when your statesmen were hostile or coldly neutral, when many of your rich men were corrupt, when your press was mainly written to betray, the fate of a continent and its vast population being in peril, you clung to freedom with an unflinching trust that God in His infinite mercy will yet make it the heritage of all His children.

Bright was a non-combatant. His affiliation with the Society of Friends made him that. Yet he recognized the fact that there might be greater evils than war. When Cobden pointed out to him that the North might at any moment end the war by letting the South withdraw from the Union, Bright answered that there must be no such surrender, but that the war ought to go on and must go on until the Union was restored and slavery was abolished. "I want no end of the war," he wrote to Villiers, "and no compromise, and no reunion, till the Negro is made free beyond all chance of failure." That from the man of whom a stupid libeller once said that if an invading army were landed in England he would stop to calculate which would be the cheaper—to drive it out or to bribe it to retire!

He was a great orator. Lord Salisbury, who was at once informed and judicious and certainly not biased in his favor, considered him the greatest orator England had ever known. Mr. Trevelyan inclines toward agreement with this estimate, though he realizes that there are many who rank Gladstone higher than Bright. "Bright," he says, comparing them, "had the merits and defects of simplicity. Gladstone's complexity. . . . Bright's voice was a gift of heaven; he had

never to shout in order that it might thrill with its music the further corner of the largest hall. But he had no gesture except to raise his hand, and that not above the level of his head. Gladstone was everything at once—actor, missionary, debater, exponent of legislative detail—such a one as never before or since rose to address an audience. Bright excelled in pure oratory in its strictest sense. We cannot imagine his most truculent opponent as ever calling Bright "a sophistical rhetorician, intoxicated with the exuberance of his own verbosity."

Let it be added that he was endowed with a presence which made him a prophet among statesmen. In 1860, writing to Cobden of naval expansion, he said: "I see no end to it. The greatest mechanical intellects of our time are absorbed in the question how to complete instruments of defence and destruction, and there seems no limit to their discoveries or projects, so long as France and England shall lead in armaments and in the attempt to dominate over the world." Substitute "Germany" for "France" and his words are perfectly applicable to-day. Again, in 1883, speaking of Parliamentary reform, and of the danger that the Lords would veto the scheme of the enfranchisement of the rural democracy, he said to the Liberal conference: "The Crown cannot now reject any bill sent up for its acceptance. If the Crown may be limited in this way, why may not the Peers? Why not enact that if the Peers have rejected a bill once and it has been considered in a subsequent session of the Commons, and after due deliberation, has been sent up again to the Peers, then the Peers must pass it on and it will receive the royal assent and will become law?" In twenty years Mr. Asquith and Mr. Lloyd George made no advance from Bright's position.

One more citation, on a topic on which Bright is perhaps oftenest and most unjustly criticised. He refused to follow Gladstone into the Home Rule campaign, and has therefore been charged with enmity to Ireland. The fact is that he was preaching justice for Ireland at the time when Gladstone was practising repression with buckshot. He could not agree with the proposal to set up an independent or semi-independent Parliament in Dublin, but he advocated larger schemes of real liberty and justice for Ireland than ever were formulated by Gladstone and Parnell; so that when he came to his last illness, that most truculent of Home Rulers, Timothy Healy, wrote to him, expressing sympathy and a desire for his recovery: "Your great services to our people can never be forgotten, for it was when Ireland had fewest friends that your voice was loudest on her side." Perhaps there is no one phrase which more perfectly expresses one of the supreme elements of Bright's greatness. It was when any right cause had fewest friends and most needed aid that he most earnestly threw into the scales in its behalf his unrivalled oratory, his irresistible persuasion, his unsuspectable integrity and his unique conception of the conscience of the British people.

A YOUTHFUL NATION The Interesting Story of Australia Nimbly Told.

THE NEW WORLD OF THE SOUTH, Australia in the Making. By W. H. P. Fitchett, B. A., LL. D. With a frontispiece. 12mo, pp. xiv, 402. Charles Scribner's Sons.

Few recent books of travel and adventure, or, indeed, of romance, are better reading for taking one out of one's self than this brief account of the forces which have shaped the history of Australia. It is, as the author says, "a recital of such events in that history as have permanent human interest." Moving stories of the sea in the days of great seamen, the adventures of explorers, pirates and buccanniers and of filibusters, pictures of the strange "Pilgrim Fathers" of a new empire—the deported convicts—accounts of insurrection and revolution and of clash between races, and annals of bushrangers largely make up the colorful tale. The book is written in a nimble style, and the portraits of its heroes and its villains are finely done. The author says that it "may be frankly admitted that the story of Australia is both tame and juvenile when compared with that of the other great dominions within the circle of the Empire"; and that "the events (of its history) are often so trifling in scale that no art in the telling could prevent their record being tedious." The story of youthful Australia has not, indeed, its roots in great and far off events. Its origin is not wrapped up in the issues of wars which filled the world with their resounding tumult. It has known no serious political struggles. But certainly our author does not prove that there can be no gleams of the picturesque in a tale so brief and, as he says, of this so sober.

The "discovery" of Australia occupied some considerable time; it was a process spread through centuries, a chain of planless adventures. "It is difficult, from the jumble of myths and blunders, of doubtful discoveries, 'cooked' maps and unscientific logs, either to select the definite moment when Australia was first seen by European eyes, or to name the seaman to whom the honor of discovering Australia actually belongs." The earliest discovery of this continent is ascribed, on the authority of Marco Polo, to the Chinese. Myths aside, two nations—Spain and Portugal—have a more or less valid claim to the glory. Later a third nation, the Dutch, makes its appearance in Australian waters and assists in the process. But it was the famous seaman Captain Cook who "most effectively discovered" Australia.

in a middy, the cousin of Cook's wife, according to one version, was the first of this English party to land. "That middy died a rear admiral in 1835; and it gives a measure of the amazing growth of Australia to know that so recently the Englishman who first set foot on the eastern coast, at least, of Australia was still alive." A picturesque fact is that Australia made its appearance on ancient maps long before it was discovered at all. The explanation is found in the existence of a certain theory, almost as old as human knowledge itself, as to the distribution of sea and land. An unknown continent, it was felt, ought to be there; it must be there; and the map makers actually put it there, and depicted it "shaped like a camel, backed like a weasel, or made very like a whale, at pleasure."

George Washington and John Howard, says our author, are the two men who, quite unconsciously to themselves, are responsible for the first settlement of Australia. Washington stopped the overflow of English criminals to America; Howard, by the new sensitiveness he awakened in the English national conscience, made the horrors of English jails intolerable. The evolution of this nation, which began as a home for English convicts, is a spectacle curiously interesting. "The very happiest example," this writer says, "of the colonizing genius of the British race is to be seen in the brief history of Australia." It is a land "with the climate of Italy, with more than the mineral wealth of Peru, and as fit to be the granary of the world to-day as Egypt was for the world of the Caesars," and as far as it is rich.

FAR EASTERN SKETCHES From San Francisco to the Banks of the Nile.

THE CRITIC IN THE ORIENT. By George Hamilton Fitch. Illustrated from photographs. 8vo, pp. x, 178. San Francisco: Paul Elder & Co.

Mr. Fitch is a literary critic of long and faithful service. Hence the title of his book, which is made still more appropriate by its author's application to his material, if not always of the critic's, then of the book reviewer's, method. He seeks the kernel of things seen, and presents it in condensed, telling form. What is more, Mr. Fitch is a trained newspaper correspondent as well as a literary man. Both of which facts, once stated, will suffice to suggest the quality and the manner of this first fruit of a vacation trip around the world, whose European results are to be given in a second volume, in which the author will make a special point of a series of comparisons between New York and the great capitals of the Old World.

Our traveller left San Francisco fully equipped with all the knowledge that professional reading of the literature concerning the Orient can be made to yield, fully conversant, also, with what is most important at the present hour of the awakening of a continent. In China he looks for the first results of the introduction of Western civilization and political ideas; in Japan he studies their spread as it manifests itself in what may be called the second stage. He touches upon the charges made against the Japanese in recent days, since the waning of our first enthusiasm for their achievements, and denies that they are commercially dishonest, that their courtesy to foreigners is a thing of the past, or that their age-old virtues are weakening. In Manila he investigates the results of a democratic administration in a tropical country, comparing them with those of British methods in Hong Kong and Singapore. "Doubtless," he says, "the English plan will show the larger financial returns, but is carried out with a selfish disregard of the interest of the natives which stirs the gorge of an American."

Throughout, Mr. Fitch seeks to convey to his readers the picturesqueness of the Orient, and the impression of its teeming millions. He describes Nanking in the days of revolution, Singapore at night, Bombay on the day of the arrival of George V. Emperor of India, for which country he finds a happy comparison:

India bears the same relation to the Orient that Italy does to Europe. It is the home of palaces, temples and monuments; it is the home of beautiful art work in many materials. Most of its cities have a splendid historical past that is seen in richly ornamented temples and shrines. In the tombs of its illustrious dead and in palaces that surpass in beauty of decoration anything which Europe can boast.

The book ends with a visit to Egypt. Its contents appeared originally, in part at least, in the columns of "The San Francisco Chronicle."

SPARKLING SCIENCE A Mixed Assortment of Popular Papers.

SCIENCE FROM AN EASY CHAIR. A second series. By Sir Ray Lankester, K. C. B., F. R. S. With fifty-five illustrations. 12mo, pp. xlii, 42. Henry Holt & Co.

We remember reading some time ago in the London "Spectator" a very delightful article called "The Fascination of Bears." But even bears are not more fascinating than we reopen the book before us at random—the "Ancestors of Elephants," or "The Skull and Teeth of Goats," or "The Pygmy Races of Men," or "The Dog in Mycenaean Art." We pause in our writing to examine again Plate XI: "Fresco drawing of two female acrobats from the palace at Knossos, date about 1400 B. C."—a very humorous design. Here, in our author, is a man of science who wears his learning lightly (in that phrase of Anatole France) like a flower. The popular papers on scientific subjects collected in these pages sparkle with human interest. They are simple in exposition, bright without flippancy and arranged so as to produce a variegated result: readers of differing interests may find each something to his taste. Robert Herrick asked: "What is the thing we call a kiss?" "A probable explanation of the universality of the habit of kissing," and of what that thing is, exalted by poets and in these hygienic days by

doctors condemned, is arrived at in one chapter.

Other papers discuss "Glaciers," "Food and Cookery," "The Effacement of Nature by Man," "The Extinction of the Bison and of Whales," "Museums," "Ferns, the Ancestors of Flowers," "Prehistoric Petticoats," "The Cinematograph," "Primitive Beliefs About Fatherless Progeny," "Smells and Perfumes," "The Strange History of the Tadpoles of the Sea," and "Misconceptions About Science." All of the papers here, as in the author's earlier volume, were originally published, one a week, in the London "Daily Telegraph." There is no attempt to treat any subject in a complete or detailed way. The author expresses the hope "that some may be led by the reading of one of my short chapters to look further into the matter of which it treats, and to consult more thoroughgoing treatises."

AN IDYLIC KING Our Philosopher-Humorist on a Tropical Island.

MARK TWAIN AND THE HAPPY ISLAND. By Elizabeth Wallace. Introduction by Albert Bigelow Paine. Illustrated. 16mo, pp. ix, 139. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.

Mr. Paine is quite right. The official biographer of Mark Twain remarks in his note of introduction to this little volume that the great humorist's "memory will be the sweeter for these gentle chapters." And he characterizes the book in a line, when he says that "it presents an idyllic picture of our philosopher-humorist in the serene days of his later life." We

FICTION GRAVE AND LIGHT Fatuma of Zanzibar, a Woman Well Worth Knowing—Tales from Malaysia—German Realism—Summer Trifles—New Animal Stories.

A WOMAN OF THE ORIENT. THE ROMANCE OF ALL. By Eleanor Stuart. Frontispiece. 12mo, pp. 24. Harper & Bros.

This story is so well worth the reader's while that he does not care very much that the author has not altogether succeeded in the end in carrying out her ambitious conception. The triumph of the book is its portrait of an Oriental woman of forty, a personality, and an influence far beyond the walls of the harem, a remarkable woman and a lovable one, who impresses herself upon us as a living being, not a novelist's invention. There is something noble, womanliness at its highest and best, in the wise and affectionate guidance she bestows upon the child of the West who has grown up under her care, and whose later career among his own people she follows from afar. It is in its treatment of world politics, of the rivalry between English and German diplomacy in Zanzibar, or some such native state on the east coast of Africa, and in the intrigues in the capitals of both nations, that the author falls in being quite convincing to us, no doubt because the whole affair is seen through the Oriental eyes and the Oriental mind of the English boy who grew up in a harem, amid Mahometan influences. But Fatuma pervades the book, "no longer the Sultan's favorite in one sense, but distinctly of more consideration than any other woman of his household. She was his adviser, his friend and the mother of his heir. Although she was not my mother, I knew what a mother's love was while I had her, and she was most courteous in the pursuit of her own ends, loyal and loving to her own household, implacably implacable towards such as offended her, and wise in her habitual silences as in her well informed but infrequent speech."

AT SECOND HAND. PEGGY-IN-THE-RAIN. By Ralph Henry Barbour. Illustrated. 12mo, pp. 218. D. Appleton & Co.

Mr. Barbour is a deservedly popular writer of boys' books. As a novelist he has his spurs still to win, and they will certainly not be bestowed upon him for this tale of a young millionaire who meets a humble newspaper woman in a rainstorm at Aiken and meets her again in another rainstorm in New York. He loves her, but his mother has other matrimonial plans for him; so, in fact, has he himself, wherefore he makes a left-handed proposal, which Peggy declines with dignity, though her heart aches, for she returns his love. The multi-millionaire thereupon plunges into multi-millionaire business affairs, that he may forget her, but in vain. And in the happy and quite proper ending "a drop of rain fell on his lips, and he laughed softly." The social atmosphere of the story, its lounging, blasé, super-aristocratic minor characters, all this is Robert W. Chambers at second hand, and not at good second hand at that.

A PRETTY TRIFLE. HIS LOVE STORY. By Marie van Vorst. Colored illustrations by Howard Chandler Christy. 12mo, pp. 286. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

The chateau, the châteline, the rich girl from America, the poor cavalry officer—the situation and the characters in the opening chapters of this light summer story awaken faint memories of that sentimental success of many years ago, "The Abbé Constantin." But no abbé appears. Instead, the young soldier goes campaigning in Algeria, where he is wounded and lost in the desert after a French defeat. And the American girl goes in search of him, taking with her the châteline and the duke who is suing for her hand, and who turns out to be so fine a fellow. It is all very, very pretty, and gently sentimental, and it all ends very, very well—and what more can one desire in a summer novelette on a warm, lazy afternoon on a veranda in the country? There is also a terrier, the hero's shadow, who plays the part of Cupid's messenger and who is very sympathetically drawn. And Mr. Christy's colored pictures are very pretty, too.

A FAMILY SKELETON. MARGERY FYTTON. By Alice Ridley. 12mo, pp. 41. Duffield & Co.

Though, indeed, we have heard that one of the fine points of drama is to have visible to the audience the legs of a gentleman much sought by the sword of his stage enemy, still it seems to us rather a careless thing for the publisher of this carefully wrought novel to give away the whole plot of the story on the paper jacket of the book. This is an instance where two birds in the bush, so to say, are worth more than a bird in the hand. With the plot in hand, indeed, this dignified and very patiently told story of English life and a supposed heiress requires some patience to read. Otherwise it is a pretty good story of an aristocratic family skeleton. More touching upon this point we refuse to

HEREDITY. THE SON OF HIS MOTHER. By Clara Viebig. Authorized translation by H. Reschauer. 12mo, pp. 310. The John Lane Company.

Clara Viebig is one of the best known contemporary novelists of Germany. Whether the choice of this one of her books for translation was a happy one may well be doubted. Its realism is strikingly true to life, it is well if somewhat ponderously written, but its subject, apart from being depressing, is far from novel. That the adoption of a child is a hazardous venture is one of the commonplaces of human wisdom upon which no new

see here a nice old gentleman, a figure all in white, with "a crown of glistening white hair," shaggy eyebrows, a delicately arched nose and drooping moustache, "the only color about him the dark brown of a row of cigars in either breast pocket," at rest and at simple play in the semi-tropical island of Bermuda. Quant is his comrade-ship with children. He jogs with them in a donkey cart, makes funny drawings for them, tells amusing stories and never talks or acts down to them, but preserves all the while a humorous sense of manner. Particularly pleasant is the account of "The Sign of the Shell," in which Mr. Clemens gives to a little girl one half of a divided shell, so that every time they meet henceforward she can show him her half and he will show her his, "and if they match I shall know it's you, and you will know it's I!" Very amusing, too, is the "history" of the "Mark Twain Club" organized in the north of England for the scientific study of the world famous humorist's work.

The nice old gentleman, whose row of cigars diminished as the morning progressed, was, of course, a great personage, too, and was known to the island as "the King." His constant bantering with "the Rajah," his friend, Mr. H. H. Rogers, is a pretty picture. "Each had a theory that the other would be a hopeless outcast were it not for his regenerating influence." In the evenings at the hotel, the King, book in one hand and pipe in the other, would read aloud. Kipling was the author most frequently chosen. Miss Wallace has presented her tender story with much delicate tact and a pleasant literary art. Many interesting photographs add in picturing the king on the Happy Island.

WILD ANIMALS. THE FEET OF THE FURTIVE.

By Charles G. D. Roberts. Illustrated by Frank Branson. 12mo, pp. vii, 384. The Macmillan Company.

Don't worry, eat lightly, drink no iced drinks, and read, now and then, some good diverting stories, say, about wild things, such, for instance, as the animal tales of Mr. Roberts—and you have done what you can to be cool. Nature biography, though we have not heard such an expression used, strikes us as a good descriptive term to apply to these ingratiating stories. In this volume are collected a dozen and more of these little biographical accounts of the wild folks of the forests, the open spaces and the deep waters. The reader enters into the everyday life of bears, swans, wolves, chipmunks, fish, tigers, moose, seals, leopards, foxes, deer and other uncivilized creatures, going about their business in the world, at war with their enemies and at home with their brides. Some of the stories are decidedly thrilling. "The Gauntlet of Fire" is a tale of a man and a bear made friends by a common danger. "King of Beasts" tells of "a master animal," a man, shipwrecked, solitary and naked in a land of savage beasts. All of the stories are touched with Mr. Roberts' appealing sympathy with wild animals.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS
Current Talk of Things Present and to Come.

Theodore Roosevelt will contribute to "Scribner's Magazine" a series of four articles on the life history of the trip he will take in the early part of next year into the interior of Paraguay and Brazil. This voyage of discovery through the great tropical South American forest will be made by canoe and on foot.

Mr. Howells in Europe. A new book by W. D. Howells will be brought out in the coming season. It is a chronicle of travel, its author is spending this summer in Europe.

"Sic Language!" A hardy old seaman, who was one of the crew of the steamer Pharos in which the boy Robert Louis Stevenson made a cruise to Shetland with his father, remembers that author-to-be with a certain disapproval: "He was a bad laddie, him, aye after something or other that he shouldna have been after. And for cursing and swearing the language the laddie had." The old man could not believe that with his "language" the boy he knew had out something of a figure in the world.

"Ah, weel," he would say, "he may be a' ye say, but I never read a word of his books. And for a' his moniments he was never a man like his father—yon was a man." Photographing Kipling. American tourists are described as paying homage to Rudyard Kipling this summer in a way which can scarcely please that rather high-tempered author. Crowds of them, we are told, drive from Brighton every Saturday afternoon to Rottminkdown and line up with their cameras as Kipling comes in from his daily walk. It is possible that he patiently endures this with the reflection that patience is wise from a business point of view. The circulation of his works constantly increases in the United States, and this may be said of his early books as well as of those published in recent years.

An Indiana Story. Mrs. Stratton-Porter has abandoned the woods of the Lumberlost; her new story, "Laddie"—which is to appear on August 17—deals with family life in Indiana in pioneer days. The plot moves in a clear and wholesome atmosphere.

Forthcoming Novels. Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's sensational story, "The Poison Belt," is soon coming out in book form. Mr. Robert Hichens's new novel, "The Way of Ambition," is nearly ready, and so is Mr. S. R. Crockett's book, "Sandy's Love Affair."

More Pre-Raphaelite History. When Holman Hunt, the artist, died, he left in readiness for publication much new material for a new edition of his valuable "Pre-Raphaelitism and Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood."

This new edition is to be brought out in the autumn in two illustrated volumes. The first edition was published in 1905 and was circulated in this country. The German Shakespeare. Professor Brandt, of Berlin, has been describing to a British audience the new Shakespeare refashioned during the last century by German methods. The substitution of words and phrases which more closely reproduced to the German mind Shakespeare's ideas began the change. It is stated that "the natural characteristic of this German

say. Now for the other thing, the picture. Some stories remind one of pictures. This one brings before the eye of our fancy a picture, seen as if it were a handsome photograph of some piece of Tudor domestic architecture. And pictures frequently suggest stories. Were you contemplating some such photograph itself, would you not think of what the life might be that went on within so beautiful a house? You would fancy the quiet, shadowy halls within, the great stone chimney-piece, the wainscoted walls and polished floors, the dark oak staircase, the fine old Stuart chests of drawers, the old family portraits, the old tapestried beds. There is a lord and lady here, you would say, and high-born English children in the nursery with their governess. The life, perhaps, is a little dull; but there is a family solicitor in London concerned with some strange story relating to this noble house—and I wonder what that may be! Lady Ridley was peopled such a house with convincing characters, and told with sensitive art the dark story of their family affairs.

THE RUSSIAN NOVEL. An English translation of the *Vicomte de Vogüé's* work on the Russian novel will be published soon. The book gives a complete history of the subject and describes the leading novels.

Legend of Clinking Glasses. How did the custom of clinking glasses arise? Here is the legend related by Mr. Charles Towers in his book on the River Moselle.

We were drinking "Badstube" another Bernese wine, in the Knight's Hall of the Landshut, when Criger told me the origin of the custom of clinking glasses. It was a matter of course, and it had not occurred to me to seek an explanation of a custom apparently so long established that it cannot have an explanation.

"They say hereabouts," observed Criger, half apologetically, "that the Senes were at table to a bottle of the Doctor's wine, and passed lovingly down the long table to the cool body of the bottle. That feels well, said the hand, and drew the cork. Then the eye drew a little white cord out of the gold of the wine in the clear glass. That looks well, said the eye. Then the nose caught the wonderful aroma, and the nostrils quivered to it. That smells well, said the nose. 'Ah,' said the tongue, as the wine touched it and passed, leaving the eternally elusive fragrance, 'I cannot taste well.' But the hand asked, 'Have I no share in this matter?' So they clinked glasses.

Dr. Wallace's New Book. The venerable Alfred Russel Wallace will soon print another book calling for social reforms. This is to be entitled "The Revolt of Democracy." His "Social Environment," published in the spring, has gone through several editions.

BOOKS RECEIVED. AGRICULTURE.

AMERICAN IRRIGATION FARMING. A systematic and practical treatment of every phase of irrigation farming, including the construction of canals, ditches and flumes. By W. H. Olin, Director of Agricultural Extension, U. S. Department of Agriculture. 12mo, pp. xii, 364. (Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.)

BIOGRAPHY. RIVAL FRENCH COURTS. The Experiences of a Lady, Lady de Sevres, at Versailles and in the Bastille. By S. H. Long. With portraits. 8vo, pp. xiv, 274. (New York: The Macmillan Company.)

VILLAGE LIFE IN AMERICA, 1832-1872. Including the period of the American Civil War, as told in the diary of a school teacher by Caroline F. E. Spurgeon. With an introduction by Margaret E. Sangster. New and enlarged edition. Illustrated. 12mo, pp. xiv, 304. (New York: Holt & Co.)

THE SAILOR WHOM ENGLAND FEARED. Being the Story of Paul Jones, Scotch Naval Adventurer, and Admiral in the American and Russian Fleets. By J. Macdonald Crawford. Illustrated. 8vo, pp. 424. (Duffield & Co.)

OSCAR WILDE. A Critical Study. By George H. Williams. 12mo, pp. 234. (Mitchell Kennerly.)

A SELECTION FROM GOLDWIN SMITH'S CORRESPONDENCE. Correspondence with Chiefly to and from his English Friends. Written between the Years 1846 and 1896. Collected by his Literary Executor, George H. Williams. 12mo, pp. xiv, 240. (Duffield & Co.)

FICTION. DAISY DARLEY, OR THE FAIRY GOLD OF FLEET STREET. By W. P. Ryan. 12mo, pp. vi, 308. (E. P. Dutton & Co.)

THE CHARMING OF ESTEREL. By Grace Hays. 12mo, pp. viii, 310. (E. P. Dutton & Co.)

THE SERPENT'S TOOTH. By B. M. Croker. 12mo, pp. 380. (Duffield & Co.)

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